

# Busy Newspaper Man

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HERE'S A  
SKETCH OF ROBERT  
WICKLIFFE WOOLLEY, DIREC-  
TOR OF THE MINT, BY EDWARD  
B. CLARK, HIS OLD JOURNALISTIC  
SIDE PARTNER, NOW DEAN OF  
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS.



The Building Is Uncle Sam's New Money Factory, and Below Are Employees Counting His Millions.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.  
ONE of Washington's humorists declared once upon a time that the reason so many newspaper men are appointed to positions in the United States treasury is that the scribes' heart desire is for once in their lives to get next to a lot of money. One gets next to much money in the building containing Uncle Sam's strong box, but he doesn't get hold of any great amount of it, although the salaries paid are in a general way more than fairly comfortable.

Robert Wickliffe Woolley is one of the latest of America's well-known newspaper men to be appointed to a position in the treasury department. As someone else has put it, Woolley makes more money than any other man in the United States, but the personal difficulty is that he is not allowed to keep the proceeds of his manufacture. He is the director of the mint, and everybody knows that the province of the mint is to turn out money for the multitudinous uses of the people of the United States.

There are not many newspaper men in the country who are better known than this present official of Uncle Sam's government. Woolley looks about thirty years old, but he can add quite a number of years on to that and give no lie to the date of his birth. He has been a reporter, a sporting editor, a managing editor, an editor, and a writer of magazine articles, and today he can pick up any one of his old jobs and do it justice, and if the whirligig of politics in time shall thrust him forth from the portals of the treasury department, he probably and very naturally will turn to tread in the old accustomed ways.

The writer of this has known Woolley for a good many years, and worked with him side by side for a considerable length of time on a great Chicago daily. Woolley was then a sporting editor. He is an outdoor man, who loves the things which all full-blooded Americans love, and, moreover, he knows how to write about them, whether it be as a close finish on a Kentucky track or a 14 innings "so far" 0 to 0 at the National league grounds in New York city. Woolley loves sport for sport's sake, but it must not be supposed for a minute that sport ever occupied the major part of his time.

From boyhood until this day the present director of the mint has been a student of sociological conditions, of economics and of the ways and means of legislation to get for the people what seems to the progressive-minded the things which they ought to have. Convictions that certain lines of procedure were the right ones to follow, and a determination to follow them, have given Robert W. Woolley many strenuous and exciting hours during his long newspaper career.

It is not necessary to explain to the people of the United States what a political ring is, nor is it necessary to explain what an invisible government is. Certain brave spirits in newspaperdom have been fighting rings and invisible government for years, and it has made no difference to the courageous ones whether the ring was composed of men of their own party, or whether the invisible government likewise was tinged with a partisan color of a hue ordinarily deemed admissible by the crusaders. The director of the mint is a Democrat, but he has fought Democrats when they were trying to exploit the people for selfish ends.

Not long after he entered newspaper work the director of the mint had a "time of it," which tested his courage and the sincerity of his convictions. I am not going to mention the name of the place where a certain thing happened, but unquestionably the scene of it will be recognized by many and the details will be remembered by men who have not yet arrived on the borders of middle age.

Down in the South, and not very far in the South, either, Robert W. Woolley was once managing editor of a newspaper of prominence in a city of considerable size. The chief editor of his paper and the mayor of the town were engaged in a row, for the mayor, it was believed, connected with a municipal political combination which, as the editor viewed it, was far from being an institution intended to benefit the people of the community. Finally the he was told, and the lie is, or was, anyway, a sure thing word in certain communities.

One morning Mr. Woolley went down to the newspaper office and found the mayor of the town and his son, each with a gun in hand, holding the

entire business office force of the newspaper prisoners behind their counters. The intruders were threatening to shoot anybody who attempted to leave. Woolley had no gun. He entered the office and proceeded to address some remarks made up of words ordinarily considered of the fighting kind to the armed intruders.

Woolley reached for a telephone, took it off the receiver and was laughing at the gunmen, who told him that they had cut the wire. Woolley stood there with the receiver in his hand for a minute while red-hot verbiage was exchanged. Then Woolley walked straight by the two armed men and went out of the door, and neither one cared or dared to interfere with him.

Later it developed that while the receiver was off, although the wire had been cut, the chief editor of the paper at his home had taken off his own receiver to call up the office, and found he could not get it. But as only one wire was severed he heard a large part of the conversation in the office by means of the uncut wire connected with the office telephone. What he heard afterwards was used in evidence, for court proceedings were brought.

Now, it is just here that an ordinary newspaper man would have become disgusted with the profession which he was trying to follow and would have thought that the whole world was out of joint. The mayor of the town and his son were editors of a rival newspaper. This rival stood, of course, for the municipal ring, and it was things which appeared in its columns which had caused the other editor, Mr. Woolley's chief, to put the lie in print. While things seemingly were still at white heat between the two camps the mayor and his rival editor, whom he was ready to shoot, or be shot by, made up their differences, combined the two papers, and thus Woolley, who had dared everything for his chief, was forced out, and in the parlance of the street, was "left to hold the bag." In other words, Bob Woolley stood for right and principle and then lost his job.

There was a celebrated law case in Kentucky that attracted world-wide attention. After the municipal ring episode and Mr. Woolley had lost his place as managing editor, he became a reporter and he handled this case. There came down from Chicago at this time two newspaper men who since have become widely known—Eugene Bertrand, now of the New York Herald, and William E. Lewis, the editor of the New York Telegraph. They had been sent down from Chicago to work on the matter Woolley had in hand, and they became acquainted with him. They found out a lot of things about him which they pointed to their newspaper sense. They also discovered that he was fond of American sports. They went back to Chicago and a short time thereafter Woolley, who knew nothing about their interest in him, received an offer from the Chicago Tribune to become a reporter in the sporting department of that paper. He went to Chicago, and it was not long before he became the sporting editor of the newspaper whose staff he joined.

From Chicago the present director of the mint went to New York, and for a long time was employed on the New York World. A little later, as somebody else has put it, "he yielded to the temptation of a beautiful fruit plantation in Texas." The fruit was not altogether golden, as far as the proceeds from the sale of the crops were concerned, and Mr. Woolley went back into the newspaper profession.

For six months, which he has described as "six eventful months," he was the editor of a newspaper in a southern town, whose locality I shall not give here, because of certain circumstances connected with the case. There it was another crusade against a municipal ring and another case of being compelled to edit with a revolver in the hand and also to walk with a gun exceedingly handy. The ring eventually was broken into bits, but meanwhile Mr. Woolley had lost his newspaper.

For a short time thereafter Mr. Woolley was the editor of the San Antonio Light in Texas. Then he went back to New York and entered upon a really notable career as a magazine writer. He was sent on many assignments throughout the country for some of the best magazines in the United States, and then he became one of the Washington correspondents of the New York World, a position which he held for about two years. Then again Mr. Woolley turned to magazine work, and in the year 1911 he became the chief investigator of the congressional committee appointed to look into the affairs of the United States Steel corporation. This committee was known as the Stanley committee.

Because of its wide-reaching effects, it is probable that a magazine article entitled, "The Plunderers of Washington," was the most notable contribution to the "news and information of the day," which Mr. Woolley ever wrote. This article was preceded by an intimation that anyone mentioned and who chose so to do might know that he had recourse in the courts. In other words, the information upon which the article was based was tested in advance. This article was called by the press of the time "fearless." It dealt with some of Washington's big bankers and real estate men and with a good many officials.

Woolley was writing just as he wrote when he was attacking municipal rings in smaller towns of the country. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that the article largely was responsible for a complete change in the manner of men appointed to positions of high trust in the municipal government of the city of Washington, for Washington in a way has municipal government, being under the rule, of course, of congress, but having a board of District commissioners as responsible heads.

In the year 1912 Mr. Woolley was the editor and compiler of the "Democratic Text Book," and was chief of the campaign of publicity bureau of the Democratic national committee. He also compiled the text book of 1914. His political affiliations at this time, however, newspaper men believe, did not have anything to do with his appointment to office. His efforts along liberal and progressive lines had attracted the attention of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Woolley was appointed first as auditor for the interior department, an office which, despite its name, is under the control of the treasury department. Then he was given his present position as director of the mint. He is filling it.

I am writing this article with feelings of personal admiration and liking, perhaps even of affection, for I have known Woolley for years. He is a tried man. He is one of the newspaper fraternity, and after nearly a quarter of a century of close acquaintance I know that I can say that he is an honor to it. Robert Wickliffe Woolley lives just outside of Washington in Fairfax, Va. It is this little town which has possession of the wills of George and Martha Washington, and some parts of the bill of rights of George Mason. It is a good place for a Democrat of strongly progressive tendencies to live.

Mr. Woolley married Marguerite Treholm of Winchester, Virginia. They have four children, all girls. The family life is of the kind accounted ideal. In the books Mr. Woolley is put down as Robert Wickliffe Woolley, but newspaper men from coast to coast and from the Canada line to the Gulf know him much better as "Bob."

SAFETY FIRST IN ALL THINGS.  
"Why do you always carry your umbrella, even when it is not raining?"  
"So someone else won't carry it when it is raining."—Pennysylvania Punch Bowl.

A MARINE JOY RIDE.  
Motor Boat (to passenger)—Did you see me cut down that fisherman in the skiff?  
Passenger—Sure! Say, this is almost as much fun as automobiling.

The Eskimos have an original superstition. They say that one day Aniga, the moon, chased his sister, the sun, in wrath. Just as he was about to catch her, however, she turned round and threw a great handful of soot in his face, and thus escaped him; and of that soot he bears the traces to this day.

A good grade of paper can now be commercially made from the hop refuse of breweries, which has heretofore been thrown away.

Uncle Sam made \$2,500,000 last year from the sale of wood from the government forests.

## AUNT ALICIA KNEW

Elderly Lady Wise With the Wisdom of Years.

She Had "Sized Up" Flo Bliss, and Subsequent Events Showed That She Was Right in the Estimate Made.

"A penny for your thoughts, little girl! Could an old aunt understand?" "You aren't an 'old aunt,' Peggy retorted. 'You shan't be called names even by yourself!'" Aunt Alicia smiled. Peggy did not guess that it was because it was so like Peggy to think of the other person rather than of herself.

"We'll waive the question of age. Of course, I know that I'm not old, but it seems to be private information unsuspected by the world. But if I'm not old, certainly I can't be sidetracked by a kitten like you!"

Peggy laughed, then grew sober. "It's such a foolish thing," she confessed. "I was just wishing that I was bright, and could entertain a crowd, like Flo Bliss, instead of being a mouse of a thing without a particle of brilliancy anywhere about me. There, now, you know. Aren't you ashamed of me?"

"Not a bit," Aunt Alicia responded; "not one little bit, Peggy, child. It's human—we all wish it. And it isn't an impossibility; it's only a problem, which is a very different thing. Don't envy Flo, dear; she lives in a house of one room. Just make your house as big as you can, and the talk will take care of itself by and by."

"A house of one room!" Peggy repeated, bewildered.

Aunt Alicia kissed the puzzled face. "How could I possibly acquire a reputation for wisdom if I didn't speak in enigmas sometimes?" she responded lightly. "How about your Hull House book? Did you like it?"

"Oh, didn't I like it!" Peggy cried, drawing a long breath. "It makes you want to know a thousand things, Aunt Alicia. Oh, isn't it an interesting world to be living in!"

"Don't let anyone or anything ever persuade you that it isn't, Peggy," Aunt Alicia replied, and "Deed I won't!" Peggy responded.

Peggy went home soon after that, and it was nearly five years before she visited Aunt Alicia again. Most of the old set were still in Evanston, although a few, Flo Bliss among them, had married.

Aunt Alicia watched and waited. One day it came.

"Aunt Alicia—" with Peggy's quaint, half-shy hesitation.

"What has changed Flo Bliss so? She used to be so bright, and now—why, she can't talk at all—except personalities. And they are simply personalities, not real, or fine, or interesting things about people."

"Nothing has changed Flo," Aunt Alicia replied.

"But—why—Aunt Alicia, who do you mean? She never used to be dull!"

"What did she talk about five years ago?"

Peggy wrinkled her forehead, trying to think back. "Why—I don't know. I guess it was the same kind of thing then, only it seemed so different. She—Aunt Alicia Benedict Gordon—is that what you meant by living in a house of one room? I used to wonder, and wonder, and you never would tell."—Youth's Companion.

Can't Stop 'Em.  
"The custom of making New Year's calls has gone completely out of fashion, hasn't it?"

"Yes, and it's a mighty good thing it has. I only wish the bill collectors would abandon their custom of making calls on the second of January."

Who Owned the Train?  
Passenger (to colored porter)—Excuse me, but please tell me when the breakfast car opens—  
Colored Porter—We've just had our coffee and rolls, so it's all ready for the guests now.—Judge.

When a wife wants pin money her husband is compelled to come to the scratch.

## CLEARED UP THE MYSTERY

Disgruntled Hotel Guest Had Satisfaction of Finding Out Where His Towel Had Gone.

A traveling man with headquarters in Columbus and who makes many villages in Ohio, tells the following about a small town in the southern part of the state:

"I got up one morning, and, of course, there was no towel in my room, just because I was in a hurry. So I had to go down to the public lavatory and wash. A jovial, fat fellow was sitting across from me at breakfast, and when he noticed my disposition, for I was sore about that towel, he said, 'What's the matter, sleep well?'"

"I told him my troubles."

"Say, I've solved that problem," he exclaimed. 'Why don't you do as I do? When there's no towel in my room, I just slip into the adjoining room and take the other fellow's, while he's asleep. I had to do that this morning, and fortunately the door next to mine was unlocked.'

"What's the number of your room?"

"Fourteen."

"Then I know where my towel went."—Columbus Dispatch.

## SCANDAL QUICK TO SPREAD

How It Comes That Indianapolis Lady Is Unjustly Accused of Smoking Cob Pipe.

Quite a number of Indianapolis people have cottages in Brown county, to which they go to spend the week-end. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. H—, who have a cozy log house on a hillside near Nashville. Mr. H— is fond of a pipe, particularly of a cob pipe. The other day, having mislaid or lost this solace of his resting hours, he called his boy-of-all-work and said: "Josh, go to the grocery and get me a cob pipe. Well, get two while you're at it and pick out good ones."

As Josh came out of the grocery with the pipes in his hand, he was hailed by a group of acquaintances: "Hello, Josh, where did you get them pipes?"

"Mr. H— sent me for 'em."

"Sent 'em for two."

"Yep."

"Well, one of 'em mus' be fer the missus. Dinged if I know before that she smoked."

And now the news is abroad in the Brown county hills that Mrs. H— smokes a cob pipe.—Indianapolis News.

Anticipating a Demand.  
He was the proprietor of a large draper's and milliner's shop, and was also very enterprising, and ever ready to turn anything to account.

"By the way, Miss Williams," he remarked one morning, addressing one of his charming black-gowned salesladies, "do you happen to know anything about the new minister who's going to have charge of the church round the corner?"

"Why, yes," was the quick reply. "He is a tall, handsome, fine-looking man, about twenty-eight, I should say, and he isn't married."

"Miss Williams," said the proprietor briskly, "you may put all the new hats in the shop window at once."

No Laughing Matter.  
"I suppose you read the newspapers to get informed of world events?"

"Yes, for the most part," answered the thoughtful man. "But occasionally I read them for the sake of a good laugh."

"How is that?"

"I find a great deal of unconscious humor in those diplomatic notes."

Art Talk.  
"Why do you paint pictures that nobody can understand?" we asked.

"I'll tell you," replied the artist. "I used to paint the other kind, and people understood them so darned well that they wouldn't buy them."

Nothing Doing.  
"Put your car up for the winter yet?"

"No. I'd like to, but none of the pawnbrokers are willing to lend me any money on it."

History repeats itself with the exception of your private history, which is repeated by the neighbor.

## BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once: If Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

Vague Questioning.  
"Do you believe in whipping?"

"Please be a little specific; eggs and cream, or children?"

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY  
is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creme" Hair Dressing and change it to the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Nauticalical.  
"What is the difference between port and starboard?" asked the boy.

"Port is the left hand and starboard the right," replied his father. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing much, only Tommy Jones got fresh and I landed a port on his starboard eye."

Important to Mothers  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fletcher.

In Use for Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Hard to Fill.  
"Mister Judge," said the old colored citizen who came into the justice's court leading a small negro by the coat collar, "Mister Judge, I wish you'd please, suh, give dis boy ten years whar de state'll furnish de vittles for him."

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished justice. "What has he been doing?"

"Eatin' me out er house en home, suh," was the reply, "wid dat appetite er his. Why, Judge, de appetite er de whole dat swallowed Jonah couldn't hol' a candle to dat boy's eatin' arrangement. For de Lawd's sake, Judge, let de state feed him awhile; so de yuther chillun kin pick up en enjoy life."

Censors on the Seashore.  
Irvin Cobb, looking over an Atlantic City paper when he was there for the trial performance of "Back Home," was reminded of the fact that the seashore papers are as careful never to mention a drowning as a San Francisco paper is to avoid mention of earthquakes, relates the Philadelphia Record, and he told of finding one day the following sentence in a story evidently doctored by the censors:

"Mr. So-and-So died of shock, in shallow water. The body was not recovered."

His Opinion.  
Wells—is that card club you and your wife joined a progressive bridge club?

Deils (wearily)—Not very.

Too many of the things we wait for are not worth the delay.

## A Food Fact to Remember

Seventeen years ago a food was originated that combined the entire nourishment of the field grains—wheat and barley—with ease of digestion, delicious taste and other qualities of worth designed to fill a widespread human need.

Today that food—

## Grape-Nuts

has no near competitor among cereal foods in form or nutritive value, nor has it had from the start.

Grape-Nuts on the Breakfast Menu builds and maintains body, brain and nerves as no other food does. Ready to eat, economical, appetizing.

"There's a Reason"

JOIN THE THINKERS' CLUB

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts.

## Prosperous English City

Great wealth has come to Birmingham, England, through war contracts, and everybody is spending it like water, according to newspaper correspondents. An instance of the way in which quickly made money is being lightly spent is afforded by the fur trade. A furrier relates that within a couple of days of his getting in a big stock of valuable furs he was sold out, and further evidence is supplied by the fashionable cut and extravagant trimmings of the coats which middle-class women are wearing. Birmingham was an area of innumerable little factories before the war. The small manufacturers are now among the very rich, and their wives are helping to spend the war gains. An enormous business is being done in cheap jewelry, but part is due to the demand for patriotic badges, army badges set as brooches, and so on. Pawnbrokers report a marked decrease in pawning and a corresponding increase in